

WE must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

GOD'S answer to the rich egotist: "Thou fool! This night shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be?"

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Vol. IV. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH.
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.
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"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING."

A Self-made Man—SELF all through. Every speculation successful—all for number one, BUT when weighed in the balances against a good life, he cannot begin to turn the scale.

Flaugherty '98

LOVE DROPS.

J. McD. K.

THE Spirit-filled life is just the opposite of the self-filled life.

It should not take a Christian long to decide which motto he will have.

The gold, silver, and precious stones will abide the fire of the Judgment Day.

The low level life is unsatisfactory here, and will be a failure hereafter.

Keep in the current of the Divine will, and burdens will be blessings and duties delights. Even persecutions shall taste sweet.

Spiritual advancement, soul satisfaction, and abiding heart rest is the normal condition of all who are made perfect in love.

It is abundantly plain from Scripture, that for the regenerated soul, there is in Christ another blessing over and above being born of the Spirit, spoken of as the fullness of the Spirit.

The Spirit-filled life considers Jesus, serves Jesus, pleases Jesus, lives for Jesus, works for Jesus, and is ready to lay down the life for Jesus. The opposite life serves self, considers self, and lives to please self.

TIPS FOR TALKERS.

Get Past the Crab Apples.

GENTLEMAN was invited into a garden to taste the apples. "No," he said, "I would rather not," and being often asked to partake, and yet refusing, the other said, "I guess you've a prejudice against my Apples."

"Yes," said the man, "I have tasted a few of them and they are very sour."

"But which," said he, "did you taste?"

"Any, those for which I fall into the road of the hedge."

"Ah, yes," said the owner, "they are as sour as earth; I planted them for the seed of the boys, but if you come into the middle of the lot you will find a different flavor"—and so it was.

Now, just around the border of religion, along the outer edge of heaven and weched down your apples, of conviction, self-denial, humiliation and self-despair, planted on purpose to keep off hypocrites and mere professors, but the fruit of the garden are luscious fruits, mellow to the taste, and sweet as nectar.

Like Ripe Indian Corn.

IN passing through the great fields of Indian corn in some Western States, one observes that the ears which are small and green and not fully out, stand perfectly erect upon the stalk, while the ears that are ripe and heavy and weighed down with golden grains, bend over, so that the husk forms an umbrella, completely protecting the fruit. The best people are like that. Laden with the fruits of Christian Experience, they bend low with humility and a sense of imperfection. As bees fly home to their hives, their thighs laden with pollen, which they shake off, and never looking behind fly away again for another load, leaving it for others to pack the pollen away in the cells, so the true Christian forgets those things which are behind and reaches forth into those things which are before. It is a good motto, to do all the good you can, to all the people you can, and make as little fuss about it as you can.

Doomed to Die for One Sin.

MAJOR ANDER, the British spy, was condemned to death death by American court-martial. Probably Washington never set his hand to a document which cost him a more severe struggle than that caused by the disavowal of Anderson. "The safety of the young Republic would not permit the deed of mercy. Its very life hung in a trembling scale. Twenty Arakots might have been the fruit of pardoning one Anderson." "Therefore," said the commander-in-chief, "He is a spy. By the laws of war, his life is forfeit. He must die."

And die he did.

What about the traitors to Christ? If THEY all died there would be a great many extra funeral processions.

The Astronomy of Holiness.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY PSALM.

BY ARTHUR BOOTH-OLIBBORN, Commissioner.

HOW AND WHY.

"First Principles."

SOME of my readers may have half forgotten the "first principles" of "astronomy" learnt when they were "children." We have all been busy since then. And as this poem is for its object the illustration and explanation of the most vital of all truths: the duty of universal love, and exemplifies an experience or state of soul which all may enjoy if they will pay the price, it may be of practical service to a few readers to refresh their memories as regards the heavens and the heavens, and the laws which govern them. This will facilitate an understanding of the spiritual truths here set forth.

I therefore recall, below, some of the elementary facts of astronomy.

This song having been born not of theory but of personal experience, and in aspects of holiness observed in others' lives, joins the hope that it may give birth to the experience of heart-holiness in others.

Those to whom it would be merely inoffensive as a new theory had better not read it. Truth either saves or damns by adding or condemning.

I offer this song as an act of worship to Him who woke it in my soul when in worship alone with Him.

It may help some in spiritual solitude, inward or outward.

Intense worship demands intense words, and gives birth to them, for both come from God. May these words in their turn give birth to the worship of sacrifice, uttermost sacrifice for the sake of the lost, and thus return to HIM, from whence they came, as the wind which bloweth where it listeth.

That is why I call them a psalm.

If no music is found in the soul to which this psalm can be sung, and yet the WILL to worship be there—the EFFORT to worship by the use of these words may in itself help in the tuning of the soul up to their pitch.

That is the double object of a psalm. Born of love their object is to give birth to love, by the expression of love.

The Stars and Worlds of Space.

THE STARS are all suns like our own. Our sun is more than a million times larger than this earth, and yet Sirius, the Dog Star, is nearly three thousand times the size of our sun. Some 50 million stars are visible from our globe. Most of them are incomparably larger than the immense luminary which pours such floods of light and heat over our world across the intervening distance of 91 million miles.

THE PLANETS, the "worlds of space," revolve round these suns. Some have, probably, "green fields" like our own. The stars round which they move are themselves, like our sun, moving round or towards some infinitely distant point. SPACE is the infinite void in which

they all live and move. It is supposed by some to be filled with an infinitely thin something, called ether, and by others to be utterly empty.

ATTRACTION OR GRAVITATION is the law by which they all move. It acts upon them according to their distance and mass.

Each sun attracts or draws its planets powerfully towards itself. But as the speed they have acquired impels them onward with a force counterbalancing their tendency to rush towards their centre, they are kept ever moving round that centre in their fixed orbit or path. Attraction thus gives them life or movement, they being passively yielded to its sway. This force, by animating their weight, so to speak, keeps them regular and punctual, and maintains them in their place as regards the centre and as regards each other.

When a planet in its course approaches another, or when a comet passes near, they are held slightly from their path in obedience to a mutual attraction, while at the same time remaining faithful to their own particular course.

SPACE is our world rushing through space at the rate of more than fifteen hundred miles a minute, and yet how "peaceful" are its landscapes and its green fields.

"THE DISTANCES in space are so great that the rays of light now falling upon our eye from one of those stars, left that star before the time of Abraham, though it has been ever since travelling at the rate of more than 11 million miles a minute—and though a ray travelling at that speed only takes eight minutes to reach us from our sun!

Out in the void, at an infinite distance and in deep darkness, are said to be worlds which, being beyond the pale of any effective influence on the part of a sun or its planets, are deprived of all life, either the life of movement or of vegetable or animal life upon their surfaces.

Nineteenth Century.

These astronomical facts being chiefly of modern discovery, I call this a nineteenth century psalm. All knowledge should—as in the days of Job, David, and Solomon—turn to worship and praise; otherwise it turns merely to self-pleasing and pride. When knowledge and obedience do not keep pace, increased knowledge is simply increased sin, increased hardness of heart, and surer damnation.

If therefore the absence of HOLINESS or absolute obedience to God—could be more criminal in one century than in another, surely it must be, in a century in which the character of the Creator and of His laws, as manifested in nature, are more fully and more widely known than at any preceding period.

But when with all their science and civilization, men are as rebellious as ever in their decision to surrender to God, when they are much as ever "lovers of pleasure," when true reverence for the Almighty, true humility, true worship, and

"walking in the Spirit" are as unfashionable as ever, are not God's people called to experience and to test that ABSOLUTE obedience to the Creator is not only possible, but that it is the highest of all pleasures, and that the greatest of all luxuries to "have in heaven" and live a life of self-sacrifice for the salvation of the lost?

Should they not be able to testify to the truth of Christ's words that God can clothe the soul with a beauty equal to that of the lilies of the field? Should they not be able to tell the feverish, passion-torn worldling, that the sensation of restfulness and peace which descends upon man as he looks up into the starry firmament, is destined to be not only above him or around him in nature, but also IN him?

Should they not be able to assure him that life under the law of love is one of as perfect freedom as that of those glorious worlds of space, and that the fully surrendered soul obeys that law from the preference of love?

Should they not be able to tell those whose inward world lies in the Egyptian darkness of sin that they can walk in "open air" light, and that "no temptation," hnt with the blue sky of the love of God stretching ever above their souls; and that to those who "love God with all their heart, mind, and strength" as just like that blue sky—without divisions or compartments, all parts being alike, all equally good—so that they cannot choose up and down pictures of merit or reject any cross, but see GOD ALONE in all the dispensations of His providence, accepting with equal facility all manifestations of His love, and His merciful and acceptable will of God—thus enjoying the peace which passeth all understanding.

Instead of trying to make religion "attractive" as Constantine did by introducing a semi-pagan or worldly element which appeals to the senses and to the carnal mind, should they not rather seek to make it attractive by the "beauty of holiness"?

When Christ has become the one centre of attraction and rules and reigns in our inward heavens, then our one passion is to manifest HIM to the world and raise Him up that He may "draw all men unto Him."

This is the object of this article.

The Analogy Embodied in this Psalm.

It must be remembered that no analogy, or metaphor drawn from the field of nature can illustrate spiritual truth with absolute exactness, the spiritual world being a higher one; nevertheless nature is a book of pictures and images of spiritual things from which Christ Himself drew many of His illustrations.

The parallels herein to the creation of worlds, and the winning of them by attraction, allude of course to the dawn of creation long ago, though illustrating very exactly that DOES happen NOW as regards SOULS.

And, oh! the worth of a soul! Is not each, in a sense, worth the Christ, since it took the life of Christ to purchase it?

Reader . . . YOUR . . . soul . . . ?

DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syriac Version of the New Testament.

Sunday.—A chosen vessel, to carry My name. Acts xi. 15.

Monday.—Called and sent by Jesus Messiah in the good pleasure of God. I Cor. i. 1.

Tuesday.—That with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Messiah should be inefficient. I Cor. i. 17.

Wednesday.—That your faith might not arise from the wisdom of men, but from the power of God. I Cor. i. 5.

Thursday.—For a discourse concerning the cross is to them who perish, foolishness. I Cor. i. 18.

Friday.—Lo, hath not God showed us the wisdom of this world is folly? I Cor. i. 20.

Saturday.—God hath chosen the foolish ones of the world to shame the wise. I Cor. i. 27.

FLAVORED MILK.—We once read of an Irishman who said he was so fond of milk "I could drink it every tumbler a day, if ye only put a little dash of whiskey in, so that the strong taste of the milk wouldn't be paralyzing." He was like many modern religionists: they do not desire the pure milk of the Word; they want it so flavored with modern thought, or worldly wisdom, that no true child of God could know it to be milk at all. Why not be honest, and have their intermingling spirits without their mixing with Christian doctrine and religious care?



Life, and the Life More Abundant.

God has more for His children than the "milk" of holiness; He has the grapes, figs, honey and corn of perfect love, joy, peace, and Pentecostal fullness of the

Spirit. He invites to-day, saying, "Eat, O friends, drink, ye, drink abundantly O beloved; let your souls delight itself in fatness!" Hallelujah!

Christ, and then—you can supply the rest, since your destiny will be only an extension—a working out of the character you take with you when the "Swift Witness" testifies and the Judge condemns.

Say, did you think God took any account of the wages oppressors. You paid your employees? He does. The wages question is not only in the hands of the Unions. God takes sides on that question. He declares: He will be a swift witness against "those men that is not only one employer, it may mean many, a corporation—it is certainly "those who oppress the hireling with his wages."—the widow and the fatherless.

How much of this oppression—to an extent that we Westerners can scarcely believe has been done in the Eastern lands only the Judgment Day will declare. But the groanings of the oppressed are not forgotten. He also sees the groanings of the people in Egypt and has heard the cry of every down-trodden boy, girl, man and woman during all the long years of the people's sorrow. He has recorded His hatred of it, and for those who will not listen to His voice as teacher, He has promised EXULTATION. He has promised that He will with Spain an illustration of the working out of that law?

God remembers the stranger. Aye, though he be but a tramp, a poor old STRANGER, "sundowner," "humpback," "the Australian expatriate," from one place to another in search of work. "He has no friends."

Hasn't he? The Swift Witness is his friend. He will say: He recognizes that the "stranger" had rights, and warned His people not to infringe upon those rights. Thou shalt neither take a stranger nor oppress him. Ex-xiii and xxiii. 9.

This charge is LAST on the LIST. It is FIRST in the heart of God. He who fears NOT ME," not God is not likely to respect men. Love to God is the real source of love to man. Whoever truly loves God will find that love bursting out from him in loving words and deeds towards that being who was made in the image of God. He loves. The love of the Father begets the love of His children.

Reader, do not be fooled. The Judgment Day is as sure to come as death. God, who never dies, says: And the universe will collapse before His word shall be broken. Are you saved? Will you meet God at the Judgment as a law-breaker, or will you now repent and ask His forgiveness? Christ died for the ungodly—for YOU, and for Christ's sake YOU MAY HAVE LIFE NOW. Amen. The Greatest Authority has said, "That he asketh, receiveth."

[For Our Boys]

A LIE'S A LIE.

MR. JONES was a man who always told the exact truth, and the same regard for truth which he practiced himself, he demanded of those whom he employed.

When Harry went secured a position in his office, every one said it was a splendid chance for a boy. If he suited Mr. Jones he was sure to get along.

Mr. Jones was anxious to impress the importance of absolute veracity on his son, because he knew the boy was inclined to be somewhat lax in this respect.

For a time Harry profited by his father's advice. Then he began to get careless. It was not long before Mr. Jones satisfied himself that Harry's statements could not be implicitly relied on. Then he said to him:

"We must part company. I have no use for a boy whose word I cannot have entire confidence in."

"Do you mean to say I have lied to you?" asked Harry indignantly.

"You may not call it lying," was the reply. "Some people make it out of their conscience by calling such things 'white lies.' I don't. I consider a lie a lie, no matter what its degree. I'm sorry we cannot get along together, but we cannot—for I cannot trust you."

So Harry lost his "splendid chance."

Remember, boys, whether you call it black or white, a lie's a lie.

MISS BOOTH

With Her "Queen City" Soldiers.

IN SPITE of the many pressing public claims made upon the time of the Commissioner, and the thousand and one other matters of primary importance to the Territory awaiting her consideration and settlement since returning from the West, Miss Booth has made time to meet at certain public soldiers' all of whom must know that they are held in a very warm corner of her great and humane womanhood, and whose hearts are in turn taken possession of by a tender and deep-rooted affection for their heroic and versatile leader.

"Report the meeting," and get it all into one column," are my orders—the most difficult task indeed if I am to do anything like justice in description of the many and various of these blessed gatherings, to say nothing of their flesh, and bones, and sinews. They possess, however, four phases, should I say properties, which MUST be told.

1. Their First Impressions.

"That's right, we'll keep the doors closed, we'll give our very best attention, and allow nothing to disturb in, or to detract from our devotions. We are here on important—HIGHLY IMPORTANT—business. The eye of no critic is upon us. The cold indifferent influence of this poor, proud world is outside. No one but yourselves and your own comrades, your Commissioner and your God are here. HE has come to save, to bless, to comfort, to strengthen. We to open our hearts to Him, to sympathize, to love, to help and pray for each other. We shall better understand, and appreciate, and assist each other all the more in this great work after to-night, God is going to do great things for us. These were the expressions which the Commissioner desired and succeeded in making her soldiers feel as she commenced the first, and conducted and concluded the last of these special soldiers' meetings at the Liggar Street, Temple, and Lippincott Street corners, but a few days ago.

2. Their Nature.

The fact that special tickets of admission had been printed and judiciously distributed among the soldiers, recruits and converts only, and that Staff-Captain Hargrave, the Sectional Commander, was standing at the door to extract from each would-be attendant the one and only passport, even to the exclusion of the staff, had already caused one of the biggest gatherings in a few wonderings as to what was coming on. "Are we to be thrilled with a glowing description of exciting and hair-breadth escapes?" or "Is Miss Booth's recent trip with the Klondike Expedition to Skagway?" "Is some new scheme for the pushing forward of the war to be propounded?" or "Is the Harvest Festival to be launched in some such novel fashion as was the Self-Denial in that wonderful Massey Hall triumph?" or "Are we to be pressed themselves in upon many minds. But we shall soon see. The Chief Secretary has risen at the door with song book in hand, with that determined expression upon his countenance, and that forcible swing of his right arm, as if he were about to interpose here and there, lines out and leads an opening song. "I believe in Jesus now and I believe Jesus saves," but while the swing of this leans in the direction of a spiritual "go," it does not altogether remove the query from the mind of

all present as to "what will be the end thereof?" A soldier and Brigadier Margatta have prayed, Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargrave has sung, and the Commissioner is on her feet. The way she grasps her favorite weapon—the Bible—quickly tells the tale. It is now certain we are to settle down to something solid and nothing but being stiff to something interesting as well as being instructive; to something alive and quickening.

"Yesterday, to-day, forever Jesus is the same," with due prominence to the hour and to-day, "is sung and sung again, its meaning and bearing on our hearts and lives and work being acceptably enforced by the Field Commissioner.

Really enjoyable, profitable soul feasts, rich with spiritual manna, well seasoned with loving counsel and Christlike fellowship, and withal decorated by that eloquence and intellectual adorning which characteristically accompanies and crowns Miss Booth's efforts, is the nearest description I can give to the scene allotted. "It was good to be there."

3. Their Direct Results.

Something happened. It could not be otherwise. Had these meetings not been long planned for, and earnestly and fervently prayed over? Time and strength spent in believing prayer is not in vain. God's presence in the convicting influences of His spirit was at work in those hearts, where were lukewarmness, controversies, questionings and backslidings, as well as in comforting, strengthening and renewing power, in these hearts who were living "in the light."

As the result of this Divine working in harmonious accompaniment with the clear, simple, straight-forward, and straightforward, the Field Commissioner, whose inspired utterances were evidently first prompted by the same Spirit.

Thirty-one Precious Souls

knelt at the Mercy Seat claiming the "white robe" of a clean heart, in exchange for such garments hitherto worn as self-righteousness, jealousy, a non-forgiving spirit, and other similar besetments.

"Have you ever made a sensation—not by the sweet sound of your melodious voice, not by the wonderful gifts or talents you possess, not by your marvelous intellect, but by the direct, unalloyed power of your sanctification?" "Have you ever possessed a CLEAN heart?" "Have you KEPT it?" were the kind of home-thrusts given. How could such seed sown under such influences fail to bring forth fruit speedily?

4. A Living Effect.

The inspiring influences did not die as the last benediction was pronounced by Colonel Jacobs. They are living yet, and will continue to live on in the increase of the already strongly existent love among the soldiery for their leader, and for each other. In the world's greater sympathy and oneness of aim and purpose, in the corps soldiers and those soldiers who compose the Home Guard, and well on in the better understanding of their diversified workings and duties, and I venture to predict that in more willing, dedicated and more active service as the outcome of a greater number of "white robe" saints in our midst, will this living effect be seen. God grant it may be so.—Soldier.

plished. The book is well loaded up with statistics, balance sheets, and has an introduction by the Commandant. The cover is especially artistic, and the whole book must have cost Major Etherington a pile of hard work to prepare. Later on we hope to publish from it some extracts and statistics.

ALL ABOUT OSHAWA

AND THE VIEW OF EDITOR COMPLAIN AND ENIGMA REVIEWING.

A COUPLE of the Editorial men went Salvation Campaigning at Oshawa during Dominion Day holidays, and had a series of blessed victories.

There is no more thriving nor up-to-date town in Ontario than Oshawa. In fact, so much so that one of the War Cry men took an opportunity of interviewing the first official of the town. It being such a good place to live in, and the corps being badly in need of a few Blood-and-Fire soldiers added to its present list of braves, perhaps some Salvationists will arrange to transfer there—they must go prepared to live in a place allotted. "It was good to be there."

His Worship, the Mayor of Oshawa, is the proprietor of a large dry goods store.

He received the representative of the War Cry most courteously. Lending his elbow on his desk, the Mayor ran over a list of the business features of the town.

"There is," he said, "the Ontario Malleable Iron Works, employing 300 men; the Schofield's, who send their goods to places as far apart as Victoria, in the West, and Newfoundland, in the East, and who employ 200 men; the Williams Piano Works, occupying an entire block, and employing about 300 men; the Woom Manufacturing Works, employing 100 men; the Smith and the Coalheart, Scott & Co., agricultural implement makers, with a payroll of 30 and 50 men respectively, and there are others. Nearly all are extending their business and enlarging their premises."

Continuing he said, "We have in contemplation the erection of a public hall along the main road, and to the beautiful maple trees which form picturesque and shady avenues of almost every road in the town."

His Worship also referred to the excellent electric car system, by means of which not only passengers but freight is conveyed to any desired point along the main road, and to the beautiful maple trees which form picturesque and shady avenues of almost every road in the town.

Statistics of the special meetings compare most favorably with the previous averages, being doubled or tripled in almost every particular. Of spiritual impulses time will surely tell of more victories than the one who again yielded her heart to the Saviour. The Sunday afternoon and evening meetings were especially large and powerful. In the afternoon Mayor Powke read a very instructive and edifying lesson, and the people overheard him listening to Ensign Kenneth's life story.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE "ALL THE WORLD," for July, is a particularly strong number. We especially draw the attention of readers in this Territory to the article, "A Peremptory Command," by Mrs. General Booth: "Problems," by Commissioner Nicol, and an excellent article entitled, "From Cathedral to Cattle Shed," by Staff Captain Hargrave, of Winnipeg. There is also an article from Australia descriptive of Mrs. Herbert Booth's work among the Chinese of Melbourne, which will interest many people among the Territory.

"HARBOR LIGHTS," the Army's monthly magazine published in New York, while being a good number generally, is of extra interest to the friends of the Army in this Territory in that it contains an interesting and well illustrated article entitled "Klondike, Ho!" by Adjutant Agnes L. Page. There is also an excellent picture of our Headquarters Staff Band, with a descriptive article.

"UNFLIPPED" is the title of a 40-page book containing the record of the Salvation Army's work in the Territory of Australia. It is profusely illustrated, and tells in a series of brief chapters, the history of the work, which contains several typical recollections of some of the best work that great things have been accomplished.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

has fixed the dates for holding the

HARVEST FESTIVAL

as follows:

ONTARIO, August 27, 28, 29 and 30.

All places East and West of Ontario, September 10, 11, 12 and 13.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS,
Chief Secretary.

WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not undertake to return contributions. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin on each side. Use separate sheets of paper for returns of War Cry sales to "Federation Plan" and for Corps reports.

THE STORY OF PENTECOST.

WE commend to the earnest attention of all our readers, and especially to our officers and soldiers, the General's STORY OF PENTECOST, now appearing in the Cry. The Salvation Army can afford to be nothing less than Pentecostal in its experience and operations, and the portrayal of that exalted experience by the General in the STORY OF PENTECOST will, we trust, provoke many to judgment on themselves, and another Pentecostal waiting before God till the Pentecostal Flame shall again descend and clothe us all in Apostolic fashion. Thus only can we be TRUE Salvationists and really do Salvation Army work.

COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH'S LATEST VICTORY.

A 16-Page Paper and a 20,000 Rise in Circulation.

COPIES of the first and second numbers of the now sixteen-page Australian War Cry have reached this office. Formerly nearly every Colony in Australia had its own War Cry; now, with the exception of New Zealand, there is a three-and-a-half day's sail from Australia, and consequently must have its own paper, the whole of the War Cry has been amalgamated into one, which is published from the Melbourne Territorial Headquarters. The Commandant, who is as great a statesman as any of the Parliamentary men of the country, has therefore gone ahead of the Australian Federationists, and incidentally with the one paper for every part of Australia, is sure to aid in the promotion of the Federation idea. The paper itself caters for a wide range of tastes both in and out of the Army. The Commandant contributes some splendid comments on the world topics of the day in his own peculiarly able style. Other matter is presented in a new, brief and readable form, making on the whole a very fine paper. Both the Commandants and Major Blithington, Editor in Chief, are to be congratulated on this development which we fully believe will be a distinct success. Indeed, a rise in the circulation of 20,000 copies has already been accomplished. Advance, Australia.

'RAH! FOR WEST ONTARIO!

THIRTY-THREE A Blood-and-Fire religion abroad in West Ontario. That old and hard-fighting Province, led on by Major Southall, is more than "whopping up" the Paper War. For two weeks West Ontario has topped the list of War Cry Husters, and the Provincial Officer reckons on keeping

at the top. The noble army of hustlers, both officers and sergeants, are much to be congratulated. They sell more than half the Cry supplied to the Province, a total of about 2,500, which is away up past any other command.

THE COMING HARVEST FESTIVAL.

JUDGING from the newspaper reports from all parts of the country, there is to be an exceedingly plentiful harvest. That being so, our coming Harvest Festival Campaign should, to say the least, maintain the magnificent rate of increase of the past few years. Most of the Provincial Officers have already sounded the reveille to their troops for this undertaking, and at the Territorial Headquarters the Field Commissioner and her Staff have been much in council as to the best ways and means of securing a mighty victory. Extensive preparations have also, for some time now, been in progress in the Printing Department, and our Fighters on the Field may reckon on having the Plan of Campaign and all the machinery necessary in good time, so as to give the most favorable opportunity for a huge success.

BRIGADIER STRETON TAKES UP HIS OLD POSITION AT NEW YORK HEAD-QUARTERS.

OUR old Comptroller of Finances, Brigadier Streton, after eight months' successful work as Chief Divisional Officer in the New York State Division, has been re-appointed to the position of Field Secretary at the New York Headquarters. In his capacity as Field Secretary before, he gave eminent satisfaction to his comrades on the Field, as well as running his Department successfully, and it can only be looked upon as a mark of confidence and esteem which his character and work have created in the minds of his Territorial leaders, that he should have been re-appointed to the important position he now occupies, a position which, although of a different character, is quite equal in importance to that which he has just vacated.

BRIGADIER JOHN IMPROVING IN HEALTH.

BRIGADIER JOHN READ, veteran of the war, and indefatigable as ever, even past the limit of his strength, has made another rush from his spirit-baking seclusion, this time to Owen Sound; but instead of being annihilated, like Cervera's fleet, has won a great victory, and is at the time of writing, we believe, in better health than for a long time. Oh, that God would fully restore him. Who can offer the prayer of faith?

ADJUTANT BARNES ORGANIZES AND SELLS OUT.

ANOTHER illustration as to the value of organization is furnished by the Temple Corps, Toronto. This corps, one of the oldest in the Territory, has been poorly situated for organized War Cry selling for a long time. Adjutant Barnes has taken up the work of organizing in dead earnest, and with the result that within a week or two of the organization of all the Temple Corps were sold out, and the Adjutant has added fifty more to his corps supply. The newly-commissioned Publication Sergeant, Brother Sherry, declares he will not stop short of 500 sales, which will place his corps at the top of the Territory.

DIVINE RADIANCE IN THE ARMY.

"The Army's radiance is a thing divine. Which dared to place where sunbeams may not dwell! It threw a ray on darkest hearts—on mine! Shone through all shades, and burst into my cell. Such souls as these are lighted lamps from God. Sent to earth's gloom to fill it for a while; They shine like morning dawn life's shadowed trail. To wake a blind and blind a flower to smile! And that is why—when I see a soldier—Still falls the eye of God, and makes a rainbow there."

By an ex-soldier, who first read of the Army in a journal in P.

The Story of Pentecost AS HEARD IN HEAVEN!

A VERB.

BY THE GENERAL.

THE FINAL CONGRATULATION.

"It was then that Father, moved by the blessed Spirit, amidst the solemn silence, repeated the terms on which God was willing to fulfil the promise of the Master, and asked those of us who were prepared to be absolutely governed and guided by the Holy Spirit to rise to our feet.

The feelings of that moment cannot possibly be described in words. My own heart seemed to stand still. Over and over and over again I examined myself to see whether I was prepared to leave all to follow, obey, suffer, and die, if needs be, for my Lord. A lifetime seemed to be crowded into a few minutes. My past history, my present motives and activities, and all I had, and all I hoped to have, passed before my gaze, and then, satisfied as to the sincerity of my soul, and the whole-heartedness of my purpose to follow my Lord, I rose to my feet. At the same moment the whole company stood with me. I felt that now no more hesitations, not one held back or maimed behind. We were all of one heart and mind.

SIGNS AND WONDERS.

"Immediately the floor under my feet began to tremble, and the roof above me literally rose and fell back into its place, while the walls rocked like a reed shaken by the wind, and before we had time to consider what it all meant, or to ask a question of each other, there came a roar louder than the blast of any trumpet we have ever heard. At the same moment, or immediately afterwards, the place was filled with a brilliant golden light that played round every individual and lay down on every head in a form like unto a cloven tongue of flame.

"While these signs were visible to our outward eyes and ears, a strange sensation came over me as though a secret hand gripped my very heart and held it in a grasp with pain, but with a beautiful, warm, joyous feeling of satisfaction, purity, love and peace. "All the way through this miraculous visitation, no one in that Upper Room felt the most distant sensation of fear. Under ordinary circumstances we should have been filled with apprehension, and in the most serious consequences following the tottering building, and rumbling earthquakes or other rational causes would have suggested themselves as a reason for these mysterious sights and sounds. But no; there was no such feeling here. We felt that God was in the tottering building, and in the tottering tongues of flame, but above all in the glorious and enthusiastic fire that burned in our souls. And so it was that, after an instant of suspense, subsided, there was a burst of Hallelujahs from the whole crowd, and every man and woman fell down before God, and in the language of the Bible, 'This is the Baptism of Fire, the Promise is fulfilled, the Lord is come to His Temple. He has made us Soldiers indeed, in us, and has made us ready to live, to fight, to die!'"

CHAPTER V.

HERE was a little pause for a moment at this point, and, on resuming, I ventured to enquire of my informant as to the results of this remarkable visitation he had just described. To which he replied: "If I were to tell you the results of that wonderful hour, I should say that:

ENTIRE CLEANING.

"There was, first, a marvellous realization of Entire Cleaning in every heart. We felt that not only had the prophecy of Joel, but also the promise recorded in the Book of Ezekiel, been fulfilled in us. We were sprinkled with the sacred water, and were clean. From all our filthiness and from all our idols we had been delivered. We felt that we had been washed and made whiter than snow. For, strange as it may seem, there were those in that room who, in the presence of the Master in His life and death, resurrection and ascension, had still

I FIND it difficult to describe to you the experience of that night in which you shall understand them. To us they appear only a few degrees less marvellous than those of the remarkable day that followed. Of course, our feelings were by this time a good deal excited. The occurrences of the past forty days had stirred our souls to the lowest depths and, now that we seemed to be in sight of another miraculous event, every nerve was brought up to the highest pitch. The hours of that night were spent largely in prayer; occasionally we chanted the Psalms which prophesied the triumphant reign of God on the earth, or sung hymns that had been composed by different members of the little community, in honor of our Lord and in anticipation of the visitation for which we waited. Now and then there were pauses for silent waiting before God, while again and again there were prayers, because of the visitation in which we told of our expectations, exhorted each other to courage, and stimulated each other's faith.

"As the early hours of the morning came along, expectation rose to a loftier height, and the feeling was borne in on every soul that the great moment was actually drawing near.

STEPHEN THE MARTYR PRAYS.

"It was just about that time that Stephen offered that wonderful prayer. I say that wonderful prayer because it was certainly one of the most wonderful intercessions it was ever my privilege to hear. I had heard prayers before, and heard prayers afterwards that appeared to be remarkable. But none so thrillingly wonderful as that offered by Stephen in the still watches of the early dawn, when he lay upon my ears. You see, Stephen was young and enthusiastic and beautiful. His face was, you will know, described as that of an angel. When he talked to the Sanhedrin and to the crowd that afterwards stoned him to death, I was present on the former occasion, listened to his address, and gazed upon his countenance; but it did not shine with a purer light or with more heavenly radiance than when he stood in that Upper Room and pleaded with God for the grace we all felt we so much needed to worthily magnify the new and great truth He was about to reveal to us.

"Now, with big tears streaming down his cheeks and accents broken and tremulous with emotion, he confessed his sins, cowardices and backslidings of the past.

"Now he deplored the miserable failure in our attempts at soul-saving and at peace-working resulting from our unfaithfulness.

"Now he acknowledged the conscious weakness, and fearfulness, and helplessness of the prayer, and his own inability to cope with the difficulties that met us at every turn was concerned.

"Now he dealt, with joy and thankfulness, on the Divine mission of love, and suffering, and sacrifice of the dear Lord, whom we were then with our own eyes on the cross, in the tomb, and afterwards ascend to heaven.

"Now he rose to heights of prophetic rapture and delight, and extolled the floods of mercy and salvation and blessing which were coming on the world through our dear Lord's sacrifice.

"Now he enlarged on the purity, and faith, and hope, and charity, and courage we all needed to make us true warriors, worthy to be soldiers and equal to the accomplishment of the duty that lay before us.

"And now he pleaded that the Father should do all this and whatever else we needed for our warfare in this world, for the sake of his dear Son, who had so freely poured forth His blood for our redemption and for the glory of the Father.

"As the voice of Stephen died away, an indescribably solemn awe fell on every heart. Every soul was occupied with the petition that had just ascended to the Father, and each of us, the young disciple had carried us away to the great Throne of the Heavenly Grace, and that we were still waiting there for the answer to the cry which had, in such heavenly union, gone up from every heart.

the consciousness of certain evils remaining in their hearts. They were sinful dispositions and tendencies which, though not having the mastery, were still resident in the soul. For instance:

"With not a few of my fellow-disciples there were some little jealousies felt with respect to Peter. Some of us remembering his deplorable cowardice and disgraceful failures in the past, resented his boldness in coming so prominently to the front during these last days. They thought he ought to have preferred a lower place.

"Among us were some of the fearful class, like Nicodemus, who shrunk from an open recognition of the Lord and a public avowal of their intention to proceed at once with the arduous task of attempting to establish His Kingdom on the earth.

"There were some who still hankered, like the sons of Zebedee, after the more prominent positions in the new Organization.

"Thus there was a great deal of unbelief with regard to the future. Some, like Thomas, who, while cured of ever doubting again the Divinity of the Master, or of His rising again from the dead, had still serious doubts as to the possibility of making other people believe in Him, or persuading them in any number to become His followers.

"All these dispositions, however, and every other of a private, selfish, jealous, envy and selfishness were swept away from every heart. Evil, whether inward or outward, had been driven away by His manifestation.

"2. Then there was, as the result of this, Baptism, naturally, a wonderful Realization of the Presence of God with us. All at once it seemed as though our lost Lord had been found again, our absent Christ had come back to earth—some this time not to be seen here or heard there, only to be realized by observation, but to live within us, and to go away again no more for ever.

THE REIGN OF LOVE

"3. Then there was, beyond question, a glorious filling up of every heart with Love. Oh, what a turning there was of soul to soul! Perhaps never before in the history of the world had there been such a company of hearts so flooded—nay, so overflowing—with love, as were gathered together in that Upper Room on that early morning. Every emblem of suspicion, selfish preference between us had vanished, and after the first burst of praise to God had subsided, we looked into each other's eyes, and there, embraced, weeping and laughing and singing by turns. It was a Feast of Love.

"4. There was also, along with all this blessedness, which came to our hearts with overpowering force, a Burning Desire to publish to the uttermost parts of the earth the wonderful, sanctifying, joy-creating Salvation which now possessed us."

"I did not enquire of my informant whether the disciples were made conscious of the possession of the 'Gift of Tongues' at the actual time this visitation in the Upper Room took place. That it possibly was so is suggested by the fiery emblem that sat on each of them, but of that we cannot be certain. We can be quite sure of one thing, however, and that is that, as though they had this big fire in their bones, they were carried away with a burning impulse to go and tell the multitudes of their fellow-countrymen and others assembled for the great Feast of Pentecost, of the wonderful facts connected with the life, death and resurrection of the Master, and of the salvation that was for them and for their children—indeed, for the whole nation.

"That was the main object of the miracle—the end for which the Holy Ghost had come to dwell in them—was realized. Everybody felt that they must go and tell everybody else what had happened, opening their eyes to the evidence that surrounded them, and compelling them to avail themselves of it.

"It is possible—nay, probable—that they were all in the dark as to what was going to happen. They did not realize their ability; they did not foresee the success that would be going to give their first attempt at publishing the risen Christ. They did not anticipate how could they?—the wonderful crowds that were going eagerly to listen, or the remarkable liberty and power of speech, with which they were going to be endowed and assisted. All they knew and felt was that it was for them to go, to preach, to fight. The result was God's business. They had faith in Him.

"As I have said, it is quite possible that there was no knowledge on their part of the consummation of the gift of tongues until the need for them came upon them. They simply opened their mouths, and God filled them with words as well as with power; and, probably, no one was more astonished at

the ability displayed than the disciples themselves.

THE TONGUE OF TONGUES.

Have not we Salvationists often had a similar experience ourselves? Have we not had the language gift bestowed after this miraculous fashion, have we not, in a miraculous manner, had the gift of that Tongue of Tongues imparted—the Tongue that speaks the language of the heart, the Tongue that not only speaks out of the heart of the speaker, but right into the heart of the listener? Oh, verily, verily, that is the Tongue of Fire.

So away they went. There was no one to suggest anything about Prudence—one in that room that morning, anyway—and if any strangers had come along describing the fearful possibilities of losses, or imprisonments, or tortures, or crucifixions that lay before them, he would not have been listened to. The passion was on them, and in them—and away they went. They had to go, to do, to dare. It was for their God, who had inspired them with the passion, to see to the consequences. That is just how they felt.

"Accordingly, we passed out among the employees of the McCormick Manufacturing Co., London, Ontario, recently by the firm. Once a year this firm is in the habit dividing up a slice of the profits with the employees, and the \$500 distributed was the employees' share. Some of the hands got \$25 apiece, some more, some less.

A Summer Revival.

Brigadier Read at Owen Sound.

(Special.)

Splendid and blessed revival at Owen Sound since Ensign Smith's entry. Last Sunday night fearfully hot, but barracks filled. Eight souls at the Cross, two after close of night meeting. Audience had gone, but many returned to see the souls liberated and devils cast out. Triumphant Hallelujah Wedding Monday night. Brigadier Read united Brother Kirton and Sister Walker "for better, for worse," before fully 300 people. Ice cream festival followed. Nearly \$40 income. Brigadier poured in burning truths. Soldiers in good fighting trim. Captain White and Lieutenants Bloss and Meeks up to the jubilee. Lieutenant Kivell nobly assisted.

The Way to Solve Some Present Day Labor Problems.

About \$500 was quietly distributed among the employees of the McCormick Manufacturing Co., London, Ontario, recently by the firm. Once a year this firm is in the habit dividing up a slice of the profits with the employees, and the \$500 distributed was the employees' share. Some of the hands got \$25 apiece, some more, some less.



SISTER DAISY BOND,
War Cry Hustler, Wingham, Ont.

Daisy Bond, of Wingham, Ont., is quite a boomer. She isn't afraid that a pop war will melt her, neither is she afraid to boom the Cry when alone, and always seems willing to take them around on the main street Saturday afternoons. She also takes another bundle out on Saturday nights, and generally sells out before returning to the barracks, so look out for her name to go up in the Honor Roll—Ensign W. Orchard.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayers your lips have pleaded.

In agony of heart these many years?
Is my faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Sly not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented.

This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking.

So urgent was your heart to make it known:
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your prayer was uttered.

And God will finish what He has begun
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock,
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails beneath the lowliest thunder shock,
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

ANNOUNCEMENT LIST FOR WAR CRY SELLERS.

THE STORY OF PENTECOST, by the General.

THE ASTRONOMY OF HOLINESS, by Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.

AT THE LAST, Story of a Tragedy, by Ensign Kenning.

WAR CRY PLATFORM—Skeletons—by Mrs. Adjutant Creighton.

STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE OLD BOOK, by Brigadier Compila.

THE PRIGGAL BOY'S MESSAGE TO HIS MOTHER (song) by Adjutant Barr.

And all the News of the War.

Corps Correspondents.

The following have been appointed:

SISTER MRS. JOHNSTON, Wallace,

Id., May 23rd, 1898.

COMRADE EDWARD MARCHE,

New Westminster, B. C.

LIEUTENANT MEREDITH, Revelstoke, B. C.

SISTER MRS. BISHOP, Anacanda,

Id.,

SISTER MRS. LEWIS, Victoria,

B. C.



CLIVEN TONGUES OF FLAME.

Temple. Here the crowds from every part of the world were gathered. Here they stood about in groups, eagerly learning the latest news and earnestly discussing it. Into these little groups you would have seen, had you been there, every now and then some Apostle, with eyes flashing and chest heaving with excitement, throw himself, and immediately commence in the native tongue of the listeners to proclaim the wonderful news that the long-looked-for Christ had come. He had justified His claim by working miracles of surpassing grandeur, and had been rejected and crucified by the Chief Priests and Elders, and, wonder of wonders! had risen from the dead, ascended to heaven, and poured out on them the promised Holy Spirit, sanctifying their natures, and filling them with love to God and man.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Colonel Jacobs at Eglington.

(Special.)

Interesting meeting conducted by Mrs. Colonel Jacobs and comrades from Yorkville. Friend lent lawn to hold meeting, and the evening being chilly opened his house. Meeting in drawing-room. Rev. Mr. Roach and others spoke. \$3.40 collection.

Spiritual Bankruptcy and its Cure.

By BRIGADIER BRENGLER.

HERE IS A SPIRITUAL BANKRUPTCY, as there is a pecuniary one. I may become so eager to help the poor that I indiscriminately give away all my property, and so become a pauper myself. Likewise I may be so eager to help souls that I give away all my spiritual capital. I talk, and talk, and talk, without waiting on God to fill me. This is folly. We should wait to be clothed with power from on high. We should take time to hear what the Lord will say, then speak so much as He gives us to speak, and no more. Then again seek His face, and be quiet and attentive before Him till He refills us. If we do not do this we become weak inwardly; we draw on a reserved power, and become exhausted both spiritually and mentally.

We may become so eager to give that we become impatient of waiting upon God to receive, forgetting that Jesus said, "Without Me ye can do nothing."

Those who have blessed me the most and blessed the most men have taken time to listen to God's voice, and be taught of Him.

A drunkard is the poorest of fathers, and the father of the poorest.

'Tis Warm Work, but They're Hard at it!

Southall's Hustlers in for Second Making—Fugaire Making up for Lost Time, Sports Fast Margrave and Takes Second Place—Margrave, Going Strong, is a Good Third—Bennett's Supporters Falling off.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 192; SALES, \$2,772.

WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 64. 1/2	—Sales, \$2,119.
S.-M. Hufman, Woodstock	210
Capt. Hellman, London	175
S.-M. Rock, Chatham	133
Lieut. Fyfe, Windsor	125
Lieut. Johnny Brantford (av. 2 wks)	123
Lieut. Hockin, Berlin	119
Ensign Cockin, Stratford	81
Capt. Holmroft, Godfrey	75
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	74
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	70
Capt. Coe, Petrolia	66
Adj. Combs, London	65
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	60
Capt. Cockerill, Seaforth (av. 2 wks)	58
Sergt. McDougall, London	58
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	58
Capt. Halsey, Stratford	56
Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham	48
Capt. McCutcheon, London	46
M. Crawford, Guelph	43
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	40
Capt. Powell, Bothwell	40
Capt. Sloat, London	40
Lieut. Hodgson, Strathroy	40
Lieut. Jordison, Bothwell	36
Ensign Gamble, Berlin	35
Sister Kauchke, Godfrey	35
Sister Brindley, Godfrey	31
Cand. Oak, Petrolia	31
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll (av. 2 wks)	30
F. Deane, Ingersoll	30
Sister Carrie McQueen, Windsor	30
Sergt. Norfolk, London	30
Mrs. Adj. Taylor, Windsor	30
Sister Critchley, London	27
Sister Little Brown, Guelph	26
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	26
Mother Goodrich, London	25
Mother Blake, Petrolia	25
Sister Grace Craft, Chatham	24
Cand. Masterton, Hespeler	23
Capt. Wilfong, Hespeler	23
Mrs. Close, Brantford	23
Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	22
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	22
Capt. Ozark, London	22
Sister Annie Love, Seaforth	20
Sister Maude Candler, Woodstock	20
Mr. McCurry, Petrolia	20
Sister Palmer, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	20
Sister Millie Candler, Woodstock	19
Sergt. Coppins, St. Thomas	18
Mrs. Keeley, Chatham	18
Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	16
Mrs. Hocking, St. Thomas	15
Sister Meyer, Woodstock	15
Mrs. Capt. Isersoll	15
Sergt. Cannon, Ingersoll	15
Sister Lewis, Ingersoll	15
Sister Gerlie, Woodstock	15
Sister Edwards, Stratford	15
Sister Annie Thompson, Sarnia	15
Capt. Barker, Hespeler	15

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 51. 1/2	—Sales, \$2,607.
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	180
Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor	170
Capt. Herwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	135
Cadet Payne, St. John I. (av. 2 wks)	134
Capt. Goodwin, Halifax I.	100
Adj. Magee, Newcasale	76
C. C. Chas. Windsor, Charlottetown	76
Adj. Amy Brown, Pictou	75
Capt. Thompson, Lunenburg	68
Mrs. Capt. Bowring, Sydney	63
Sergt. Read, St. John I. (av. 3 wks)	60
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock	59
Sister Annie Hunt, Sydney	59
Mrs. Adj. McGilvray, Charlottetown	55
Capt. Ryan, Kentville	51
Capt. W. W. C. Kentville	50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. John I.	50
Sergt. Jessie Innes, Windsor	50
Lieut. Hobbs, Glace Bay	47
Sister May Ferguson, Charlottetown	47
Sergt. Moore, Windsor	45
Capt. Bowring, Sydney	45
Capt. Morrice, Glace Bay	41
Capt. England, Amherst	40
Cand. Groggett, Amherst	38
Cand. Edith Thompson, Fredericton	38
Sergt. Alice Lyons, Fredericton	35
Sergt. Jennie Rodger, Windsor	35
Capt. Carrie Sabine, St. John I.	35
Sergt. Harry P. Fredericton	35
Sergt. McDonald, Glace Bay	33
Rec. Billis, Charlottetown	31
Sister Lebars, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Harrold, Halifax I.	30
Sergt. Beaton, St. John I. (av. 3 wks)	29
Ensign Penny, Glace Bay	28
Sergt. Vandyke, Woodstock	28
Cadet Long, St. John I.	25
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	25
Sister M. Macdonald, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	24

Cand. McRae, Minnedosa 18
Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Keewatin (av. 2 wks) 16

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hustlers, 3. 1/2	—Sales, \$5.
Sister Julia Liston, St. Johns (av. 3 wks)	40
Cadet Foote, St. Johns (av. 3 wks)	25
Lieut. Sainsbury, St. Johns (av. 3 wks)	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section.

Hustlers, 8. 1/2	—Sales, \$23.
Lieut. Marshall, Omeme	50
Ensign Attwell, Orillia	36
Sister W. A. New Whetum	30
Capt. Glass, Parry Sound	25
Capt. Charlton, Parry Sound	25
Lieut. Meeks, Wainor	24
Mrs. Ensign Atwell, Orillia	23
Sergt. Mrs. Courtmanche, Norland	20

PACIFIC.

Hustlers, 9. 1/2	—Sales, \$44.
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Sister Lewis, Victoria	110
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	70
Lieut. Gain, Sheridan	50
Cadet Alison, Victoria	35
Treas. Bury, New Whetum	30
Cadet Willett, Great Falls	25
Sec. Aikens, New Whetum	25

Phew! But it's hot. Could you but see F. P. at his notes this afternoon, you would be visibly affected—the scene is indeed a sight to behold. And yet far be it from us to complain of heat when writing upon a subject that calls for so much of it.

What but intense heat could force the hustlers of West Ontario to the accomplishment of so splendid a feat as that which we so cheerfully place to their credit this week. Southall! Bravo, ye Western hustlers! Tell me not of wreaths of laurel, as well talk of wreaths of cauliflower. Sister Wooster would prove more useful. The satisfaction that comes to the heart when one has done well is reward enough to say nothing of the "Well done" of his sister.

Pugmire is on the field again. That is easily seen by the marked alteration in his position on our Roll of Honor. Methinks the Easterners are a long way yet from crying, "Hold, enough!" Just a word in passing. Say, Pugmire, would it be naughty to think you and yours could do as well as Southall and his? F. P. enquireth!

If I were you, Hargrave, I would look up Capt. Harry White, as Hamilton, and know why he has not forwarded F. P.'s usual "blatant do," telling the names of the ambitious hustlers of the Ambitious City.

Say, White, F. P. notes one of thy initials in W. Does that mean that thou art called on to do more? Do please send thy hustlers' names regularly. Do, "Billy, do."

Sh's savours of the "briny." "Ship ahoy!"

Aye, aye. What ship's that? Rat Portage. Any news for Fountain Pen? Aye. Sister Mrs. Wooster shipped a bonnet and sold 52 War Cry—A. W. Good for A. W. Better for Sister Wooster.

"Brother Bradley is our new War Cry Sergeant-Major, and we are in raising things here. We have seen 50. How's that, Fountain Pen? That's up (humming) top—F. P.

Does the following explain East Ontario's position? "Dear Fountain Pen, Don't imagine our Province is badly punctured yet. Are hunting up new customers here in Quebec, and when our old ones return from their summer outing, we expect to rise. I resigned most of my old customers to the other side. I took charge of the Shelter, but have found out some new ones and am glad to get back to the boomers' list again. If it is all right, we must strive to come up higher. Ensign Parker."

We welcome you back most heartily to our hustlers' column. With reference to the "puncture," F. P. trusts that 'twill be easier to repair than has the other side. We are, however, less, unoffending, but most inconveniently-placed than tuck.

Scene: A street in N. B. Cry hustler to countryman: "Buy the Cry, sir?" Countryman appears to take but little interest in the matter. Hustler persists.

Countryman to hustler: "If I was not married I would like to have a wife just like you, for if she stuck to me like you, she'd be that Cry, she would never leave me."

With that he bought the Cry. It would seem as if the country friend had had a wife, but that he had lost her. We trust she will yet come back.

A certain copier takes 103 Cry's weekly. The Captain reports having sold 31 copies. What about the other 11 copies? Comment needless.

C. D. H., of Amherst, has sold 15 each week for the last week. "A post card to hand, F. P. must read cautiously. To call him, her—or she, he—would be calamitous. And yet what can poor F. do? Why this mystery? Is it that those solitary, isolated initials belong to one of those?

"Born to blush, unseen, And waste their sweetness on the desert air?"

"We want to be somewhere in the War Cry war." This from Newfoundland. Comrades of that sea-girt isle, you may if you choose, be ANYWHERE in our honor roll.

The following is as it should be. "War Cry sellers are respected and well treated everywhere in Walkerville and Windsor, and their weekly visits are welcome in most places. 175 War Cry's are taken and paid for every week and there is always some profit to the officers."

News to hand from St. Kits as follows: "We have made an advance of 56 War Cry's sold outside for the quarter ending June. We have eight brigades going. This quarter we have been able to pay for 175 Cry's every week—J. B. Beall, Pub. Sergt.-Major."

This is the latest from a toym in North Ontario: "Can you ship a few more people to this town, and let them be those who crave to get the War Cry regularly—Sister Snookes."

Really this is overwhelming. F. P. always felt that there were some things missing in the picture. In connection to conducting an Emigration Agency, and in this hot weather too, well, the thought of it is too much. Really, Brother Snookes, I must beg to be excused.

Well, it's a long lane that has no turning, and a ditto road that has no ending as such. But we must end sometime, somehow, as well now as any other time.

Till next week au revoir! Yours affectionately, FOUNTAIN PEN.

***** COMING EVENTS *****

MAJOR MCILLAN, accompanied by **THE LIFE GUARD'S BAND** will conduct **GIGANTIC CAMP MEETINGS** as follows: **WINNIPEG, July 11th to 20th.** **RAT PORTAGE, July 23rd to 28th.**

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.
ENSGN CUMMINS—Moose Jaw, July 22-24; Calgary, July 25; Edmonton, July 25-27; August 1; Calgary, August 3-5; Lethbridge, August 6-8; Whitehead, August 10-12; Minnedosa, August 13-15; Moose Jaw, August 16-18; Winnipeg, August 19.
ENSGN SIMS—Newport, July 22; Sherbrooke, July 23, 34; Contonque, July 25; Quebec City, July 26; Chatham, July 27; Cornwall, July 28; Ottawa, July 31, 30.
CAPTAIN COLLIER—Bothville, July 23, 24; Wardville, July 25; Dresden, July 26; Wallaceburg, July 27; Port Huron, July 28; Sarnia, July 30, 31.
ENSGN ANDREWS—Fenelon Falls, July 15; Omeme, July 20; Bowmanville, July 21; Oshawa, July 22; Brooklyn, July 23, 24; Toronto, July 25; St. Catharines, July 27, 28; Fort Dalhousie, July 29; Hamilton II, July 30, 31.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST A. would do well to write to Territorial. For information, the most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from H. B. HARRISON, Corbett James and Alton Streets, Toronto.

The East.

Brigadier Pugmire in Nova Scotia Division.

Our beloved Provincial Officer has come and gone from the district. His visit has been a real salve to everybody's heart. Week and collection more than doubled, attendance increased, converts cheered, soldiers strengthened, and a healthy tone to feel more the importance of their position, backsliders returned, and those who had become estranged reconciled once again. All honor and glory to Jesus.

The meetings at Chatham, although little different in their nature, were very interesting and very successful. Captain and Mrs. Jennings, with their aides, had the arrangements well in hand. Their reception to the Brigadier was a brilliant affair, considering circumstances. The welcome tea was well arranged and well attended. The barchicly was decorated with flowers, very beautifully for the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Walt (Presbyterian) presided. He is a warm friend and supporter of the Army. He has been so from the beginning, and has made personal sacrifices in its interests. In very kind and friendly words, he welcomed the Brigadier Pugmire, who gave a very interesting and profitable address on the General's Social Scheme through the Army. After a Salvation Army chairman called upon the Honorable L. J. Tweedie. He commenced by acknowledging that at one time he had felt his duty as a truly the Army, but said they had at any rate made one convert. The honorable gentleman, in a short but pointed and eloquent address, praised the local corps for their tenacity and perseverance, wished them prosperity, and sat down amidst the cheer of the soldiers.

A vote of thanks was proposed and seconded by the Brigadier, the meeting was wound up, and a very good crowd attended the supper afterwards. The following night the Brigadier conducted a musical meeting, which was much appreciated, as well as the ten cent tea afterwards. The proceeds amounted to \$25, which will put Chatham on a very good financial footing and give them a magnificent opportunity to go right in, red hot for God and souls. The Brigadier regretted very much that it was impossible for him to get to Cambridge.

Major Collier in Prince Edward Island.

Dear War Cry—I am just on my return journey from that most beautiful part of the Eastern Province, known as Prince Edward Island. I have spent three days there in addition to one day's going and to-day's returning journey. After a most delightful trip across the Straits on the above named steamer, I arrived at Summerside on Thursday evening, June 30th, where I was met by Captain Lorimer, of Summerside corps, and the train at once to Charlottetown, where we arrived about 10 p.m.

The next morning there was a picnic on Dominion Day and special Salvation Army meetings for the week-end. Brother (Professor) Hawley met us at the hotel and took us to his comfortable home for the night.

Did it rain? Well, yes, it poured on the morning of Dominion Day, but it was a good shower, and we were standing up the West River on the tug "Wm. Alkens," to Shaw's Grove. The trip was a magnificent one. The second day was finished up by a magnificent open-air on the Market Square. Ensign Perry and Captain Lorimer, with the new cadets on the brass band rendered valuable assistance.

Saturday night we had another beautiful open-air on the market where we put in the most of the evening, just returning to the barracks for a few final words of warning and another offer of salvation to those who had congregated there.

Sunday morning more rain, and a small crowd at knee-drill. We had a good march and a most beautiful home meeting at 11 a.m., at the close three comrades sought the blessing of a clean heart, and each one testified to having found it. In the afternoon we marched to the Park, where several hundred people had assembled. By this means many heard the truth, but others would not have done so. We had a beautiful time, good collection and believe good was accomplished, and perhaps some converted as a result.

The heat all day had been almost unbearable, and between the afternoon and night meetings we had a terrific

thunder storm. This did not hinder us having a good open-air at our old stand on the market. We had a good crowd inside, but just as we were going to read the lesson another terrible storm came on. The crowd sat quiet and there was much conviction and some shed tears, but none would yield. We will not soon forget this visit. The officers, soldiers and friends were kindness itself, and we shall be glad to return again at an early date. Bandmaster Heister, of Halifax, helped us all through the meetings, and his singing and playing was much appreciated. For the present, good-bye. Yours fighting, T. H. Collier, on board S. S. Northumberland.

Star Lights from the East.

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire attended the picnic in connection with St. John, July 1st. An outdoor meeting was held on the grounds. The string band was in evidence.

The P. O. did just week-end at Sussex. 1,000 volunteers are camping here, and they came trooping into the barracks. Good crowd, one soul, debt cleared, is the report he brings back.

On Sunday, July 10th, seventy-eight officers farewelled from their respective commands, nine of them being D. O's. Let us hope to see magnificent revivals as a result of this change.

We welcome Adjutant and Mrs. John McLean and Ensign Kerr into the Province. God bless them.

Staff-Captain Galt and Adj. Alken have left us and take up appointments elsewhere. Both have done nobly.



OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF LITTLE CURRENT CORPS, KAMISTOULIN ISLAND.

ly in the Province. Good-bye, comrades. We shall think of you—Soldier Boy.

Summerside—Captain Larimer and Lieutenant Green had things nicely arranged for a Juniors' picnic on Tuesday. We went over to Bebeque, and had a most enjoyable day with the Children. On Wednesday night we had a meeting at Travellers' Rest. Owing to the night being wet our crowd was not very large, but we had the presence of the Master with us and had a good time. We had Ensign Perry with us for Saturday and Sunday. The subject for the meeting on Saturday night was "The Tree of Blessings." Beautiful meetings all day on Sunday. The thunder storm prevented many from attending the meeting.—Mattie Gamble, Reg. Cor.

Newfoundland.

Pelley's Island—Victory is our battle-cry here in Pelley's Island. We had a visit from our brand new D. O., Ensign Cooper, accompanied by Lieutenant Pitcher, of Jackson's Cove. Sunday was a time of praying and believing, until at night victory came, and two precious souls sought and found the sinner's Saviour. This is a beautiful place and we are believing for wonderful times in the near future. With God on our side and a beautiful D. O. like Ensign Cooper, we are in for giving his Satanic Majesty a real hard time. Through Christ we shall conquer.—Yours to be true, Lieutenant S. Newell, for Captain P. Mercer.

East Ontario.

Houlton—Good open-air and inside meetings. Great open-air attendance. Five souls got saved. Some special meetings though no special attendance there.—Emily White, Reg. Cor.

Tweed—One backslider returned to the fold Saturday night. Of course the devil don't like this, but angels rejoice at the sight. The Captain is back from his rest full of fire, and we are all going in to win the precious Blood-bought souls in this town.—Mrs. Robinson, Reg. Cor.

St. Johnsbury—Since last you heard from us Ensign Kendall, our D. O., has held us a farewell visit. It is needless to say that the Ensign's visit was a great blessing and cheer to us. We had with us also Captain McNeany and Lieutenant Carter, of Newport fame, and best of all we have always God with us.—Yours in Him, Captain A. McCall.

Montreal I.—We have been having blessed times with God. On Saturday night one soul came back to God and received pardon. Sunday morning one came for cleansing, and Tuesday night three more came. We spent the 1st of July on Mount Royal with the corps, and had a blessed time together. Finished with a meeting praising God for His mercies. Sunday times of blessing and refreshing, though none yielded. Monday night two souls came to God and got saved.—W. G. R. C.

Ottawa—The fight still goes on under the leadership of Mrs. Adjutant McLean, the Adjutant having gone on a

by the League in the Industrial Home. Cadet Hearn and Sister Mrs. Smith were welcomed as new members of the League. Captain Ward closed the meeting with a prayer for the sinner. Captain Ward and Brother R. L. Vermy sang solos during the meeting. After the meeting ice cream and cake were served. The prayer was to help on the League work.—C. Harding.

West Ontario.

St. Thomas—We had our picnic at Port Stanley on Friday, Dominion Day. A very enjoyable time. Big open-air meetings in the afternoon and night. Saturday, magic lantern service by Captain Collier. Very interesting. A good day Sunday, although stormy. Two souls at night. War Cry all sold.—H. Freeman.

Hespeler—Mrs. Major Southall with us last night. Good meetings. We are in for victory during the summer campaign.—W. H., for Captain Barker.

Woodstock—We have just completed a glorious week-end, 1st, 2nd and 3rd of July. Major and Mrs. Southall assisted by Captains Jones and the Galt Brass Band, conducted a series of meetings, which shall not be forgotten in Woodstock for some time to come. The Major poured out a real soul truth, which had the desired effect. The Galt band boys worked hard throughout, not only in rendering some excellent music, but also in keeping their best to get souls into the Fountain. We had the joy of seeing two souls cry to God for pardon, also many of our soldiers consecrated themselves afresh to God. A warm welcome awaits the return of Major and Mrs. Southall and the Galt band when they come this way again. W. J. Wakefield, Ensign.

Listowel—Staff-Captain Phillips was with us for the 1st of July. The majority of the folks left town that day, but those who remained appreciated the meeting led by the Staff-Captain. Week-end good in spite of the hot weather.—Fred Burton, Captain.

Clinton—On Tuesday night at the new site, the camp was set out and sought and found the blessing of a clean heart. Ensign Scott with us on Wednesday night. Blessed time to our souls. Our band was invited to attend a picnic in Lonsboro, held by the Methodist Church of that place. They were treated well, and altogether they had a very enjoyable time.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

Ridgetown—Ensign Dean, Financial Special, and Lieutenant Blodgett, with us for Saturday and Sunday. Although the heat was oppressive, the crowds were good and finances up. Soldiers and friends were blessed and inspired. This is one of the Ensign's best battles. Yours fighting, T. H. McLeod, Captain.

Windsor, Ont.—On Monday night we had Captain George, the converted comedian, from Chicago, with us. The meetings were well attended both indoors and outdoors, and collections good. Staff-Captain Phillips with us Saturday and Sunday. Good meetings throughout the day, though none yielded to God's voice.—Sergeant Mabel Lloyd, Reg. Cor.

The Pacific.

Butte—We are still marching on and having good meetings. The account of the warm weather our attentions go not been so good. Last Tuesday we had a very interesting demonstration, June 21st, at which we took in \$10.05.—Secretary D. W. Davidson.

Lewiston, Ida.—Farewell orders having come, Lieutenant and myself said good-bye to our many comrades and friends. On Thursday night, after a stay of almost six months, we were surprised in the way of ice cream and cake was given by a few of our friends at the close of the meeting. We were very enjoyed by all present. We were sorry to leave as we have never been treated with greater kindness and respect than at the close of the meeting. We were very pray that the work of God may continue to prosper. During our stay we have seen a number of precious souls kneel in prayer and have since taken their stand as soldiers for God. All the glory and go to our new appointments to do our best in Him. Yours, Captains E. C. Hazen, Lieutenant.

Helena—Everything is moving along nicely here in Helena. Ensign Staigers

and Captain Stone, who have been in charge for some time, have done some good work. Would have gladly kept them longer. The boys farwelled from here on Sunday and will hold the fort at Hozeman for a time. May the Lord abundantly bless their labors wherever their lot may be cast. Several good cases of conversion during their stay. To God be the glory. The Rev. Woodard and Captain Bonnetto are in charge here now, and we are hoping and praying that many who are now in darkness and sin will be brought to a realization of their condition, and seek and find the Saviour precious to their souls before it is everlastingly too late. —Yours in the war, E. H. Wickersham.

Central Ontario Southern Section

Yorkville.—Sunday God's Spirit felt in all our meetings, and at night four precious souls sought and found salvation. We ended up the day with an old-time open-air service. —N. R. B.

Social Farm.—We had Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and Major and Mrs. Smeeton here Sunday, which meant a rich spiritual treat of salvation truth. Large attendance at the meetings on account of the hot weather. —Chas. C. Gooda.

Oshawa.—Brigadier Complin and Ensign Kenning for special meetings. Glorious times. Friday, holiness, one asked God to forgive their straying, which He did. Glorious! Those meetings Saturday and Sunday, indeed, 'twas good to be there. Many were moved with the Spirit's stirring, but would not yield. All say, come again soon. —E. C. A. R., Corps Cor.

Ligar St.—Red-hot, Blood-and-Fire meetings led by Adjutant and Mrs. Siyanoy. Three precious souls were taken to the foot of the Cross and got nicely saved. Adjutant Wiggins' brother and his two chums followed each other to the Mercy Seat and found mercy. The Commissioner's visit to Ligar Street has been a blessing to us, and has put the soldiers in working trim. God bless her and soon bring her back again, is the prayer of the corps.—Brother S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

Central Ontario Northern Section

Perry Sound.—Good meetings on Sunday. One soul night, for which we thank God and pray that he shall be faithful unto death.—Captains Glass and Charlton.

Omeone.—Dear War Cry, I have been looking for a report in your pages from Omeone for some time, but failed to find one, so as your humble servant is sick in bed, and nothing to do but pray that God will save the sinners and keep the saved from falling, I thought I would send you a few lines to let you know that Omeone is alive and going in for souls. Since Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Marshall came three souls have sought and found salvation. This is the last writing I shall ever be able to do, if it is all well with my soul. Dear unsaved readers, what about yours? Think of it one, what about the cost.—Correspondent Sister Corneli.

(May the Lord bless and sustain our Correspondent, whether it be his will, may the Lord restore to service once more.—Ed.)

Little Current.—On the 18th of May Captain Smith and his comrades had arrived. Since their arrival we have seen five souls seeking salvation at the feet of Jesus. The new officers are already very much loved by the whites and the Indians. Both received appropriate Indian names and are fast learning the native language. On Sunday, June 12th, we had Ensign G. B. M. Agent, who conducted the meetings, which shall be long remembered by the people of Sucker Creek Reserve, reports that Garden River Indians, near the Soo, are in hunger and thirst after the righteousness of God. This is a rather influential band. The Salvation Army should attack this place. Lieutenant Rennie farwelled from Little Current after a successful stay of about eleven months.—John H. Esquimaux, Cor.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

TO those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets to London, Paris, and other places, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAJOR SEXTON, A. A. Temple, Toronto.

LIFE AND LABORS OF

James Dowdle COMMISSIONER.

A Biography.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Strangers and Pilgrims"—Canada Revisited—A Civil War and How it Ended—Drugs on Duty—Invasion of a Police-Station—The Salvation Army in Court—A Large-Minded Mayor and an Implacable Superintendent—A Daily's Version of the Scene—As It was and Some Things That Were Not.

WHAT on earth is the use of 'strangers and pilgrims' like us hanging on to this house, wife?" said the Colonel, soon after his return from Canada.

"We have no time for home-life, and we do not need housewifery added to your work," this last remark being an allusion to the periodical visit paid by Mrs. Dowdle to the house they rested in between their various campaigns. There was only just time to wage war with the dust that had accumulated during their absence, when duty compelled them to look the door again and off to another campaign.

The house was therefore given up (January 10th, 1895), and this devoted pair called no place their home for the next ten years—years full of a great devotion, and singularly blessed by God.

"Much of our success was due to the absence of temporal cares," says the Commissioner. "Remembering Paul's

night of prayer held at II—will give some idea of the Colonel's way of dealing with souls, and also illustrate how some people miss what they appear to seek in earnest."

There were as many as six hundred persons present at the meeting referred to, and at the close of the first meeting, the Colonel began to look for some result, but none appeared.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "Surely we have not

Totaled All Night for Nothing?

"Oh, you don't understand these people!" said the Captain, drearily. "There are two distinct parties in the corps, and they are at loggerheads. The work has been stagnant for quite a while."

"Are the leaders of the opposition in the meeting?" asked the Colonel.

The Captain pointed them out—they were women.

Both were earnestly praying for God to sanctify them. Going to No. 1, the Colonel asked what she wanted. "I want God to make me holy."

"Can you forgive Mrs. Brown?" said the Colonel.

At this the suppliant reared her head and said, "She's done me a serious injury, for which I can never forgive her."

"Then God cannot sanctify you."

So saying, he passed on to No. 2, who was pounding the seat and imploring God to descend in showers of blessing upon her.

"Can you forgive Mrs. Jones?" asked the Colonel.

The Founding General,

and Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "The lying hussy. She's told hundreds of lies about me."

"Back to No. 1 went the Colonel. 'It's no use praying for God to sanctify you while you regard iniquity in your



"The Colonel called on his comrades to kneel and pray."

advice, we shunned all earthly 'entanglements,' and so kept ourselves free to go hither and thither as the Lord should direct. Having no children we were able to dispense with home life."

A successful Scottish campaign preceded a

Second Visit to Canada.

when the Colonel was accompanied by his wife.

Commissioner Coombs, who was then in command of the Canadian forces, thought a six-months' visit from the Army's Spiritual Support would prove beneficial; and, as no, nothing to do, the Colonel once more crossed the "pond" upon the King's business.

The Indian Contingent, who had come over for the International Congress of 1893, joined the Dowdles in Ireland, and their presence on board excited a great deal of interest. Stirring marches were held, and many of the passengers afterwards testified to the good they had received.

After touring for a while with the Indian Contingent, the latter continued their homeward journey, the Dowdles going on with their work.

"Our visit," says the Commissioner, "lengthened out into twelve instead of six months, and we saw hundreds of souls saved and sanctified—some of them head-over-heels in love with us. Altogether we held something like 625 meetings in fifty different towns and cities, saw 95 seekers at the pentecost form and 91 backsliders restored."

An incident connected with an all-

night of prayer held at II—will give some idea of the Colonel's way of dealing with souls, and also illustrate how some people miss what they appear to seek in earnest."

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and Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "The lying hussy. She's told hundreds of lies about me."

"Back to No. 1 went the Colonel. 'It's no use praying for God to sanctify you while you regard iniquity in your

heart," he said. "You must come out and forgive your enemies, or remain in your sins."

Out walked Mrs. B. to the table. "Forgive all, and God will bless you."

So saying, the Colonel returned to Mrs. Jones, whom he induced to come to the table.

The two women knelt exactly opposite each other, and the Colonel began to wage war with them. If the eyes of the women would not flash fire their tongues emitted sparks, for, apparently taking no heed of the Colonel, they began to rate one another unmercifully.

"You lying hussy—you told hundreds of lies about us," shrieked Mrs. Jones, while Mrs. Brown reminded the opposition what she had done for her.

It was terrible scene, and anyone with less courage than the Colonel would have closed the meeting. Instead of this he kept them before the Lord until they had both given in, made full confession, and embraced each other.

After that the corps was completely broken down,

The Opposing Parties

kave in, and numbers, as a result, were saved.

had imbibed sufficient poison to make him forget his manners—and he began to huddle about the little lazzie-Captain in the corner of the Windsor police station. The snow was piled high along the line of march, and walking was difficult. "Hi, there! What are you up to?" shouted the Colonel, who had followed him.

"Up to? Why, I'm going to run you all in for breaking the law. That's what I'm up to."

"Come along then," said Dowdle, "to the police station, my lads! We must report this man for being drunk on duty."

Frenchman had been joined by another official, and, as they hurried in the direction of the station, they were followed by the united corps, who were

Enjoying the "Sensation"

immensely. Once the Colonel gave orders for them to turn and make another attempt at holding an open-air on the forbidden spot; but the police—armed and uniformed—were so the march to the station began again.

"Whatever have we here?" said the superintendent as policemen and Salvationists entered the station—the one blue with anger, the others singing and smiling by turns.

"We are out of the business is to report this man for being drunk on duty, and for showing about a lazzie-Captain. As an Englishman, I can't let such conduct pass."

Then the police told their tale, and the conclusion of the matter was that the Salvationists were told to

Appear at the Police Court

on Monday morning.

There were no summonses issued, so I was not obliged to go," says the Commissioner; "but the alderman, at whose house I was billeted, advised me to appear, so I went, accompanied by my host."

We quote the following from a report which appeared in a daily paper the next day, leaving our readers to sift the wheat from the chaff.

It is quite true that the Colonel prayed for all present and also treated the court to a few blasphemous remarks not recorded in the report, which was headed:

The Salvation Army in the Windsor Police Court.

"This morning the portly and doughty Colonel and his fellow-comrades in arms, marched fearlessly to the Town Hall and into the judgment room of the police magistrate, and faced that personage and Chief Baines. The charge against the three warriors—that of obstructing the streets, was preferred and the police magistrate laid down the law 'to that effect made and provided' with the consequence of its violation, and told the soldiers they ought to have moved on when ordered by the police. The Colonel called on his comrades to kneel and pray for the magistrate and Chief Baines, and, himself setting the example, sank down on his knees, and a right goodly company of justice, poured out his soul in prayer for the two present ungenerous and wrong-thinking worldly ones."

Chief Baines tried to escape, but the body of the appalled magistrate obstructed the way of exit, and the Chief had to stand the storm. When the Colonel uttered the voice of his honor arose: "There, there, gang away! Ye may kneel unmolested on the sidewalks, if ye do so in single file; and ye may sing and pray and drum on the street all ye like, only ye must move on when the police tell ye. Gang away! gang away!"

"The conquering Colonel rose to his feet of his own accord, and, leaving his comrades with the voice of his dignity, marched out of court singing—

'Soldiers of faith arise
And put your armor on;
The opposing powers of darkness
Shall be before the throne of Christ."

"When the strains had died in the corridor of the hall, his honor remarked that the Colonel was 'a great talker.' 'Yes,' replied Baines, 'he can out-talk the devil; neither you nor I stand

The Ghost of a Chance

with him.'"

The largely imaginary, the report was correct in stating that the Colonel prayed for his persecutors, and also that the chief constable essayed to beat retreat. He was prevented, however, by the magistrate, who was a Christian, and who, no doubt, thought the official referred to might drive before him the Frenchman, who

After the case had been dismissed, the Mayor shook hands with the Colonel and wished him God-speed in his work; but the chief constable refused to be comforted, and repulsed all overtures on the part of the Salvationists.

After many similar triumphs, the Dowdles once more set sail for Liverpool.

(To be continued.)

SONGS

The Missing One.

By ADJUTANT BARR. New Whatcom.
Tune—Knocking, knocking, who is there?

1 Missing, missing, on that day,
Missing, missing, gone astray,
Spite of Jesus' loving pleading,
Spite of mother's loving prayer,
'Monest the lost your name recorded,
Slinner, you'll be missing there.

Chorus.

Oh, why wilt thou die?

Missing, missing, awful doom,
Missing, missing, hell's dark gloom,
Gone for aye, thy God-given chance,
Come too late into the fervent prayer,
Oh, the bitter, bitter anguish,
Of a soul that's missing there.

Chorus.

There is no rest in hell.

Missing, missing, shall it be,
Missing, missing, hope of heaven,
That thy loved one waited vainly,
At heaven's pearly gates so fair,
For when welcomed were the Blessed,
Washed,

Thou wert missing, missing there.

Chorus.

You are drifting to your doom.

A Pardon for a Rebel.

By J. H. TREPVAIL.

Tune.—If I only knew how it was done;
Under the Hood-and-Fire Flag; I'm
a crank that the Lord can't turn.

2 I once was as wild and as gay
As a young lad,
As any you'd find in a crowd,
But now I am saved, and by Jesus not
to save.

Of the Salvation Army I'm proud,
One night as I rolled down the street on
a spree,

The Army went marching along;
They all seemed so happy and shout'd
with glee,
And this was their wonderful song—

Oh, He pardoned a rebel like me,
Oh, He pardoned a rebel like me,
Oh, it's blessed to know that wherever I
go,
He's pardoned a rebel like me.

I followed the march and I entered the
hall,
And took a back seat by the door;
They told me of Jesus, the Mighty to
save.

But all this I'd oft heard before,
I felt I was bound by the sin of my life,
And wondered whatever I'd do;
I looked at the crowd, they all shouted
loud.

"Oh! He'll pardon a rebel like you,"
He'll pardon a rebel like you.

Oh, He'll pardon a rebel like you,
Oh, He'll pardon a rebel like you,
Just give up your sin and a new life
begin.

He'll pardon a rebel like you.

Then the Lord's Holy Spirit convicted me
I longer from my sin to be free;
I felt myself lost, so I went to the Cross,
When He saved a poor sinner like me.

Now I tell of the Saviour who's mighty
to save,
Who keeps me from sin ever free;
In the Salvation crowd I now shout very
loud.

"He's pardoned a rebel like me!"

Going Away from Christ To-Night!

Tune.—Where is my boy to-night?
Going away from Christ to-night,
Away from His pleading voice;
Going away to sin and shame,
Oh, why not make Christ your choice?

Chorus.

Oh, why not get saved to-night?
Oh, why not get saved to-night?
For you He suffered that cruel death,
Oh, why not get saved to-night?

Going away from Christ to-night,
Away from your mother's God,
Away from all that is pure and right,
Away from the path she trod.

Going away from Christ to-night,
To darkness and despair,
Forgetting mother's prayers and tears,
And thinking that no one cares.

Second Chorus.
Your mother is praying for you,
Your mother is praying for you,
For you she is pleading before the
Throne.
Oh, why not get saved to-night?
There is hope for you, though you've
gone astray
In paths so dark and drear,
And God is willing just now to save
And pardon your sins right here.

Third Chorus.

Oh, come and get saved to-night!
Oh, come and get saved to-night!
In heaven the angels will rejoice,
If you will get saved to-night!

My Mother's Bible.

By W. RITCHIE, Kingston.

Tune.—The cricket on the hearth.

4 All the binding's torn away,
And leaves are worn and faded,
And a verse is marked at every
page I see;
A corner here and there has by her dear
hand been turned

In the Bible that my mother read to me,
When her eyes were getting dim sitting
in the lamp-light glow.
I fancy her dear form I now can see;
For she found her joy on earth, and her
hope of heaven above

In the Bible that my mother read to me.

Chorus.

Oh, my mother's dear old Bible—blessed
word of truth!
Recollections for it brings of happy
days of youth.
Oh, my mother's dear old Bible, lamp
forever bright,

Shedding on my pathway rays of Gospel
Light.

I often turn them o'er, those dear chap-
ters that she
When a little child I hung around her
knee;

And in sorrow's darkest hour many
words of joy I find
In the Bible that my mother read to me.

And, although I wandered far from the
path she should have trod,
I could never from the words she read
get free;

And wherever now I go, I can find a light
to guide.
In the Bible that my mother read to me.

Boundless Salvation.

Tune.—My Jesus, I love Thee; He died
at his post; The harvest is passing.

5 Oh, boundless salvation, deep ocean
of love!
Oh, fulness of mercy Christ brought
from above.

The whole world redeeming, so rich and
so free,
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over
me!

Chorus.

The heavenly gates are blowing,
The cleansing sea is flowing;
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My sins they are many, their stains are
so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I
weep.

But useless is weeping, Thou great crim-
son sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me; come, roll
over me.

My tempers are fitful, my passions are
strong,
They bind my poor soul and they force
me to wrong;

Beneath Thy blest billows deliverance I
see,
Oh, come, Mighty Ocean, and roll over
me.

Now tossed with temptation, then haunt-
ed with fears,
My life has been joyless and useless for
years.

I feel something better most surely would
be
If once Thy pure waters would roll over
me.

Oh, Ocean of Mercy, oft longing I've
stood,
On the brink of Thy wonderful, life-
giving flood;

Once more I have reached this soul-
cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the
wave,
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to
Save!"

My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll
be,
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll
over me.

And now, Hallelujah! The rest of my
days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His
praise.
Who opened His bosom to pour out this
sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for
me!

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

Samuel the Judge.

I Samuel VII. 3-17.

The Ark of the Lord Returns.

THE Philistines soon found that the
Ark which seemed to be the Israel-
ites' strength was only a source of
weakness and terror to them. The image
of their idol was smashed in pieces when
the Ark was placed in the idol house,
and they were only too glad to send it
back to God's people. So they of Kirjath-
aim and a certain man named Eleazar
gladly brought the Ark, and a
fearful plague was especially sanctified
to keep it. It takes sanctified peo-
ple to keep sacred things. Only those
who have "clean hands" and "pure
hearts" can do God's will and service
perfectly.

Israel's Repentance.

After twenty years of sin and sorrow
the Children of Israel began to seek the
Lord. They had found out the hollow-
ness of the pleasures of evil. Samuel,
now grown to be a noble man, gave them
wise counsel. He told them that if they
really repented that they would put away
their gods. How far people are willing
to go in the surrender of sin is always
the test of their repentance.

A Day of Mourning.

All the people gathered together in
Mizpeh while Samuel prayed with them.
What a prayer that must have been as
God's good servant poured out his heart-
felt pleadings on behalf of his erring
people. "And now we are here, and we
are here, and we are here, and we are
here, and we are here, and we are here,
A good man's prayer is a wonderful
power."

The Philistines Follow.

Right up to their very place of penit-
ence did their enemies follow the Child-
ren of Israel. The Philistines were
feeling more frightened than ever, and they
implored Samuel not to cease praying.
How would the people are to serve
God when danger is near.

God Forgives and Protects.

Despite their faults and faithlessness
God answered their petition and mer-
cifully delivered them once more out of
the hands of their foes. Frightened with
the thunder of the Philistines' attack,
defeated, Samuel did not forget to set up
a mark of thanksgiving to the Lord in
the stone Ebenezer with its beautiful
meaning. He gave all the glory to God.

A Time of Peace.

The time that Samuel judged Israel
was a very peaceful one. The Philistines
gave the Children of Israel no trouble for
that space. God honors the life and work of
a good man to the well-being of all under
His control.

Samuel, the Righteous Judge.

Samuel was such a good ruler for sev-
eral reasons—first, he had a heart
we have already seen, learned in his
early days to be ruled himself; second,
because he knew what the will of God
was and explained it fully and unquali-
fiedly to men; third, because he was
never proud, but always gave God the
first place and acknowledged His help;
and we think that a fourth reason
because Samuel had begun to serve God
so very young. He had been a Junior
before he got to be this mighty D. O.,
with Bethel and Gilgal and Mizpeh all
in his circuit.

QUESTIONS.

1. How did the Children of Israel get
the Ark back again?
2. After twenty years of wrong-doing
what happened?
3. Who prayed for them, and with
what result?
4. What was the name of the stone of
thanksgiving that Samuel set up, and
what did it mean?
5. What kind of life did the people
have while Samuel was their judge?
6. Give four reasons why he made such
a good ruler?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Christ Himself was sometimes angry.
We need more of Christ's spirit in our
deeds, but more of His tenderness
and sympathy, but more of His righteous
indignation—the "wrath" as well as the
meekness of the Lamb. We are too
tolerant of wrong, and too indulgent in for-
bearance, too lenient, too compromising,
too judicious, too lenient, too
milk-and-water condemnation.

OUR PLATFORM.

MRS. ADJUTANT CREIGHTON ON
SKELETONS,
And How They may be Raised Again
into Newness of Life.

I HAVE BEEN impressed with a great
barrier we have to fight against in
our worlds of crime, viz., heart back-
sliding.

The words of Job, "Oh, that I were
as in months past, as in the days when
God preserved me, when His candle
shined upon my head, and when by His
light I walked through darkness," seems
to be the experience of many whether
admitted by them or not.

Skeleton Remains may be Seen.

We are constantly meeting (in the
spiritual sense) skeletons—remains of
men and women of God who have once
been strong, robust warriors of Jesus,
who dared to live upon the snout of the
world, who despised the thought of be-
ing moved by public opinion, and de-
lighted in sacrifice for the interests of
God's kingdom—but who have disloyaled
and gone into decline.

All Corpses.

They still maintain the profession, they
go through a certain routine of duty,
but it is a mere duty. The old love for
the fight is gone, the form is left but
the power has fled.

They are sensitive, always being slighted,
continually being trampled upon, in fact,
corpses all over their feet, opposing
all it leads up to a whole-hearted
sacrifice.

Neglect of Private Prayer.

Results shown have their cause—writ-
ness then all back to disobedience of
some sort.

It is not essential that a man should
murder, steal, or gamble to backslide,
but "the little foxes that spoil the
vines." Neglect of private devotion,
planning the flesh, holding on to some
idle treasure upon which the Spirit
has no claim, some selfish ambition,
Cross, unwilling to leave all and follow
Jesus, and thus they have broken the
deep communion between their soul and
God, and come to a standstill.

An Awful Record

Like the electric car when it gets out of
touch with the wire. The Divine electri-
city is gone, they stop for thousands of
poor souls to stumble over. Their own
power fails to grip, their prayers fail
unheard by the Lord and they become a
load of weighty, unfaithful ones, clog-
ging the whole machinery.

A Pitiable State.

Knee-drills have no charm for them,
they are out for the march better
than they are for the stop. They are
pleased if it has come before they enter
the barracks, very anxious for the first
meeting to close to get free, for the
prayer meeting is a tedious burden to
them.

It costs them but little thought to
throw off the great responsibility of
perishing souls—their eyes are closed to
the crowd of hungering, sin-sick ones
who cry for help.

Dead Towards God, but Not to Sin

Instead of their eyes open to the
groans of the dying, they stop to listen
to the gossip, and fault-finding, and back-
biting of the indolent ones similar to
them. To my mind, while others sink beside
them, they may have a little touch of
responsibility for the good they might have
done had they lived up to their privileges.

How to Get Back.

How may they get back again? Not
by finding fault with others, nor cloak-
ing themselves over, nor yet by becoming
discouraged and sitting down in despair.
The only way is "Repent and do the
works." Although humiliating to the
heart to confess these things, it will pay
to be honest.

Precious Soul, Act on this Advice.

The cries of the needy are coming from
every side. We are to rise up and
rise up and follow the Master? Let the
load of souls be found upon your skirts.
The man or woman who stands by
side in the working of God is going to
perdition for the want of reality.
In vain they watch—nothing but empty
form.

God can make the dry bones live.
Draw near to Him, confess and He will
restore to you the joy, peace and power
of days gone by—THIS CANDLE SHALL
SHINE UPON YOU AGAIN, AND YOU
SHALL BE AS A LIGHTHOUSE TO
STORM-TOSSED SOULS!

If you wish to sleep well, take a clear
conscience to bed with you.

Diamond Dust.

A Mother's Bitter Cry.

MAJOR BAUGH.

TRUTH is a dead certainty, yet it lives.

Unfailing prayer is prevailing prayer.

We must be proved in order to be improved.

He loses nothing who keeps God for his friend.

Live to learn, but don't forget to learn to live.

Better be stupidly honest than brilliantly dishonest.

The dews of grace fall during the night of sorrow.

Unanswered sin is the secret of unanswered prayer.

Love is like a convex mirror—it broadens what we see in it.

The best secret-keeper is the one that does not know it.

Those who know when to speak know when to be silent.

Don't be anything politically that you can't be religiously.

Don't cover your neglected duties with the cloak of excuse.

Every man who sells the truth for gain is a brother to Judas.

Thoughts from—

Great Thinkers.

The Temper Trouble.

Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from to? Now, to quicken our conscience on this subject, let us see the evil and cure of bad temper.

If God be with Us.

Do not philosophize over your troubles; do not argue; go on. ST. FRANCIS in all simplicity. GOD DID SALES. While you are steadfast in your resolution. Let the world be turned upside down, let it be utter darkness, in smoke, in turmoil, so long as God be with us; we know that on Sinai He was surrounded with thick darkness, with thunder and lightning, and He is still near to us.

The Heavenly City.

And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as JOHN BUNYAN they opened the gates to let in the men, I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to sing praises without; and after that they shut up the gates which when I had seen I wished myself among them.

Meekness is Bravery.

Patience is the truest sign of courage. Ask old soldiers, who CHARLES have seen real war, KINGSLEY. And they will tell you that the bravest men, the men who endured beat, not in mere fighting, but in standing still for hours to be mowed down by cannon shot; who were most patient and cheerful in shipwreck and starvation and defeat—all those things ten times worse than fighting; ask old soldiers, I say, and they will tell you that the truest showed the stillest, meekest men in the whole regiment. That is true fortitude; that is Christ's image—the meekest of men, and the bravest, too.

ONE of the most sorrowful events in my field experience took place just after I took charge of my first corps.

A young man attended our meetings night after night, and sat over on the left side of the barracks, away back; not right amongst the roughs, nor yet with the soldiers, but he refused to come to the platform and yet he could not stay away from the barracks altogether.

When spoken to he said the reason for his not doing so, was that some of the soldiers had not treated him rightly.

He would neither testify nor take any part in the meetings. His mother was a blessed woman and one of our best soldiers; his father, a backslider from the First-

he was safe I would not care, but his life had not been what it should have been of late.

The backslider father cried, "It's my fault. If I had been what I should be, this would never have happened."

A few days later Captain Lawley (now Colonel Lawley) and myself buried him, and as we stood by the grave the mother groaned out, "Oh, where has he gone to?" and fainted.

We got her to the coach and took her home unconscious.

The young wife, nearly beside herself, the father nearly as bad, with the solemn question, "Where has he gone to?" unanswered till the day when we must all appear before the Judgment Seat.

The mother's hair was whiter, and the furrows in her forehead deeper, and the last time I saw her, but the husband had got saved, and is trying to live so that his friends may know where he had gone to when called to die.

READER, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?

(Our Special Favorites Series.)

THE PRODIGAL BOY'S MESSAGE TO HIS MOTHER.

BY ADJUTANT BARR, NEW WHATCOM.

(War Cry readers will find this a useful song for singing in saloons.—E.)

Tune—"Just Tell Them that You Saw Me."

OH, angels while you're travelling with news to Heaven
A message kindly take up there for me, [above,
Somewhere near the portals of that blessed home of love,
A mother clad in garments white you'll see.
She lovingly is waiting there to greet her wayward boy,
Who used in days gone by in sin to roam,
Just tell her that you saw me filled with Salvation joy,
Tell her that her boy is coming home.

* CHORUS

Tell her that you saw me with comrades true, and good,
Tell her that my sins are washed away,
Tell her that I'm helping get sinners to the Blood,
And that I'm having victory every day.

Tell her that when wandering afar from God and right,
I ne'er forgot her loving prayers and tears,
Where'er I went they followed me, and pleaded day and night,
Until I brought to Christ the sins of years. [night,
His bleeding wounds, His thorn-crowned brow, His love they broke my heart.

No more in sin's dark path I long to roam,
Oh, tell her that you saw me, for heaven I've made a start,
Tell her that her boy is coming home.

Tell her when the fighting's done, I'll clasp her hand again.
And gaze once more upon her lovely face,
Then with the blood washed warriors with Jesus we shall reign,

And praise Him for His wondrous matchless grace.
There sorrow never rends the heart, there tears are wiped
There pain and death and partings never come, [away,
Just tell her that you saw me, that I am on the narrow way,
Tell her that her boy is coming home.

A Murdered Son and a Broken-Hearted Mother.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

SOME time ago a murder was committed near Winnipeg.

The young man who was murdered was engaged as a porter at one of the houses of ill-fame near the city.

A letter has been received from Mrs. W. B. Burton by the "Winnipeg Tribune," which the mother wishes to have published for the benefit of the community. We reublish the letter, in the hope that the oft-repeated injunction to avoid bad company may be, if possible, more impressive than ever. The letter is as follows:—

"Pittsburg, U.S.A., State of Pennsylvania, June 2, 1893.

"To the Editor of the Tribune.

"Sir,—Allow me space in your paper to let the people of your city know that William B. Burton, that was shot down

in cold blood on the 23rd of May, was born of a Christian mother. I taught my boy up in the church and Sunday school, and had hoped that he would be an ornament to society and a credit to his race; but he had companions who took him to his death. Had my dear boy taken my advice and shunned evil companions, he would not have come in contact with that degenerate man, I have ever prayed for the conversion of my boy. He had natural God-given gifts. I prayed that he might come to Christ and consort with those faithful to His service. I hope the assassin will be dealt with according to the law of Canada. "I trust the day will come when every respectable house in Canada and the United States of America will be waded out of existence.

"The thought of my son being poor in a house of ill-fame almost kills me. I trust the young men of the community will take warning and shun these localities. He was born in Harrisburg, State of Pennsylvania, United States of America, November 9th, 1866. He was 23 years old at the time of his death.

MRS. REBECCA ALDRIDGE, Mother of Deceased.

38 Ward, Pittsburg, Publish for the benefit of the community.

Capital Choruses.

FOR USE BY EVERY SINGING SALVATIONIST, AT THE FREE AND EASY MEETINGS.

They never came back, they never came back,
The sins that I suffer'd of yore;
He washed them away on that happy day,
To be brought 'gainst me no more.

Friendship with Jesus
Fellowship divine,
Oh what blessed sweet communion
Jesus is a Friend of mine.

Oh the best friend to have is Jesus
The best friend to have is Jesus,
He will hear you when you call
He will help you less you fail
Oh the best friend to have is Jesus

If the cross we boldly bear,
Then the crown we shall wear,
We shall dwell with Jesus there,
In the bright forevermore.

Jesus is mine,
Jesus is mine,
Jesus does satisfy
Jesus is mine.

God's love can never fail,
Never fail,
God's love can never fail,
No I never fail.

Oh, what a Redeemer is Jesus, my Saviour,
Forgiving my sins and bearing all my woe,
Oh, what a Redeemer is Jesus, my Saviour,
Proclaiming my liberty and washing me white as snow.

Rollled away! Rolled away!
Oh, the burden of my heart,
Of my heart rolled away!

Down at the fountain flowing so free,
Jesus is sweetly speaking to me,
Lifting the burden up from my soul,
Bidding my spirit rise and be whole.

The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed face;
I am satisfied to know that with Jesus here
I shall conquer every foe.

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
Saving my soul, making me whole;
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
I've proved He is mighty to save.

I will love Thee, Saviour!
Take my heart forever;
Nothing but Thy favor
My soul can satisfy.

I'm believing and receiving,
I'm believing and receiving,
I'm believing and receiving,
As I to the waves go;

And my heart its raves are cleansing,
And my heart its waves are cleansing,
And my heart its waves are cleansing,
Whiter than the driven snow.

Joy! joy! wonderful joy!
Peace, peace, naught can destroy!
Love, love, so boundless and true!
All these my Lord gives unto me.

When faith is driven into a corner it is sure to find God there.

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